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Half to Blame

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Half to Blame

There's the little rumpled half-man
who lives above the bar. He eats
falafel without the pita, drinks
half-pints of beer, smokes
half a cigarette here
and there—half kisses
half-hearted women who half-
listen to his poems when they're half-
written. He drives
a half-dead car. He's lived past
the invisible halfway mark
of life. Half the time he wishes
he had a wife. But he's half-
certain she would drive him half-
insane. She'd wind up taking half
of everything, and he'd be half
to blame. The little man has half
a mind to wander half a world
away. Who would miss him, half
his friends and family dead already,
the rest half-interested? He's half-
glad to be this free. Up half
the night, half-convinced he's lonely,
he can't see why he should be.
Little crumpled half-man, half-
the man he could be, half-blind
with half-baked rage behind
the half-lie of his conscious mind,
he knows he doesn't know
the half of it, and having half
the truth might be a kindness.

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